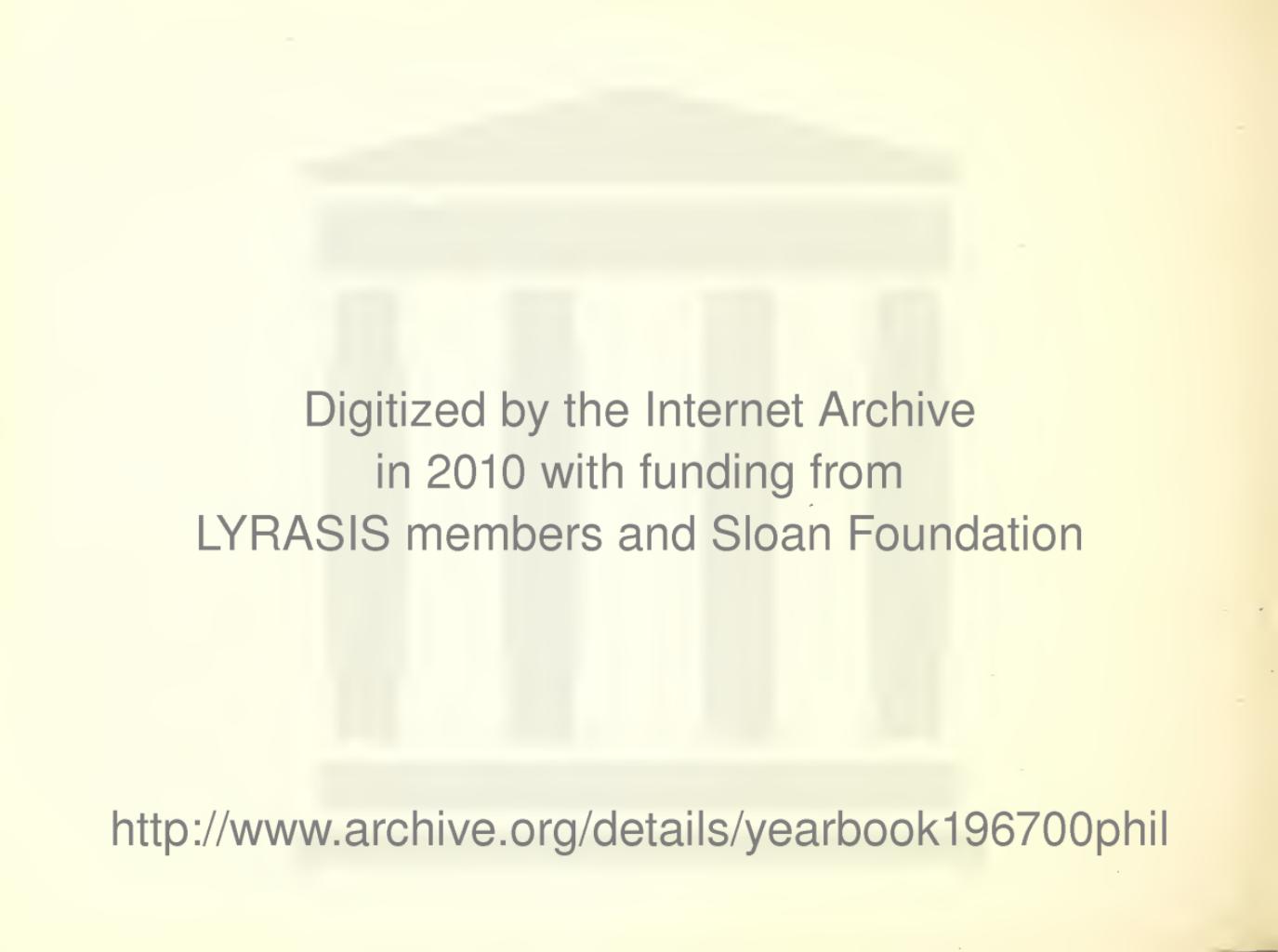


# Da Capo

1967



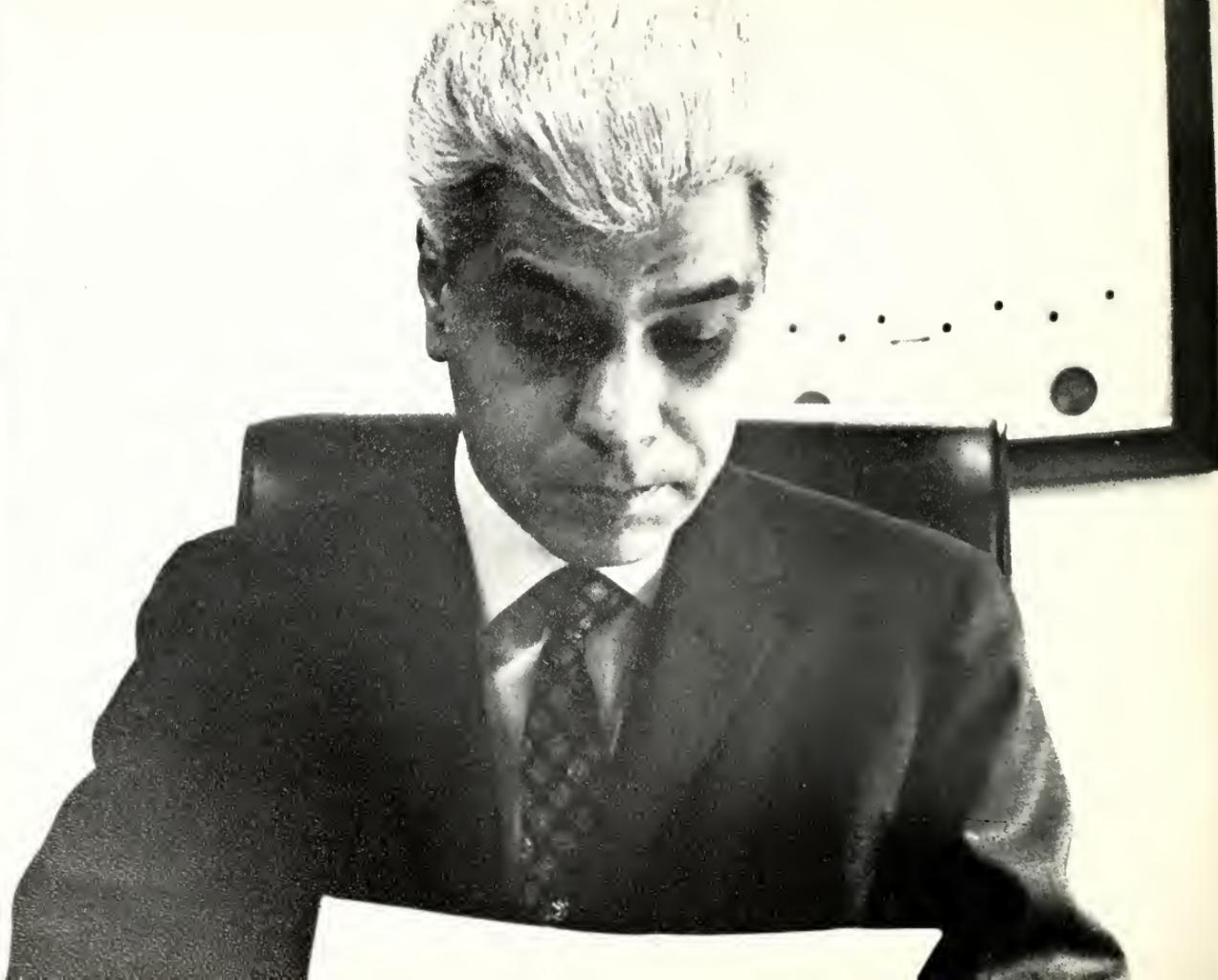


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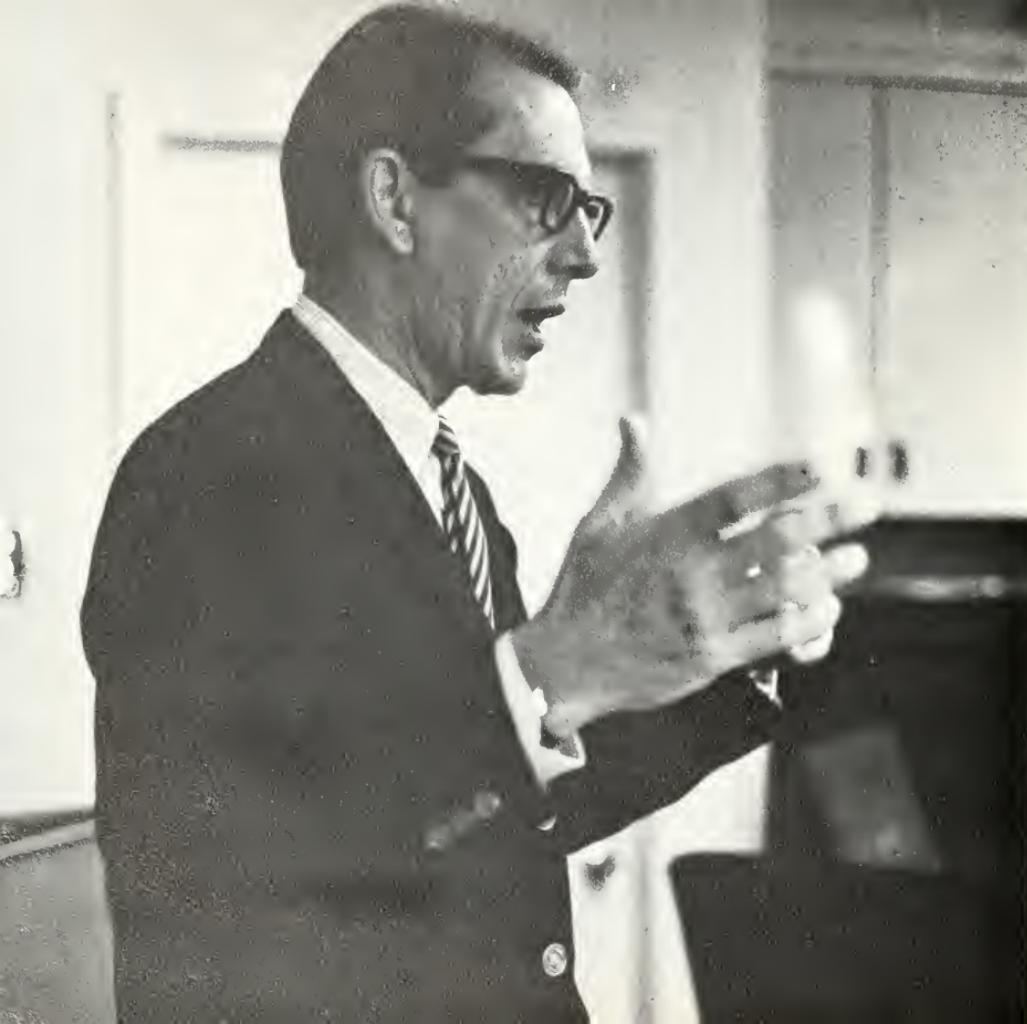
<http://www.archive.org/details/yearbook196700phil>

"MUSIC HEARD SO DEEPLY,  
THAT IT IS NOT HEARD AT ALL,  
BUT YOU ARE THE MUSIC  
WHILE THE MUSIC LASTS."

T. S. ELIOT



JOSEPH CASTALDO HAS BEEN PRESIDENT OF THE  
PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL ACADEMY FOR ONE  
YEAR AND ALREADY THERE HAS BEEN CON-  
SIDERABLE CHANGE IN THE CHARACTER OF THE  
SCHOOL. HE AND THE ADMINISTRATIVE AND  
PROFESSIONAL STAFF HE HAS CHOSEN ARE  
RESPONSIBLE FOR MUCH OF THIS CHANGE. WE  
ARE HAPPY TO HAVE HIM AS OUR PRESIDENT  
AND FEEL THE SCHOOL WILL GREATLY BENEFIT  
UNDER HIS DIRECTION.



DR. ARTHUR CUSTER  
DEAN

RICHARD A. HOGE  
REGISTRAR  
DIRECTOR OF  
STUDENT AFFAIRS





## STRINGS

\*DR. JANI SZANTO

DAVID ARBEN

EDWARD ARIAN

FRANK COSTANZO

WANDA COSTANZO

ELSA HILGER

LEONARD MOGIL

KAREN TUTTLE

## WINDS

\*JOHN WUMMER

SHIRLEY CURTISS

ANGELO DE MATTEIS

STEVENS HEWITT

JERRY JEROME

GUIDO MECOLI

DONALD MONTANARC

GEORGE ROWE

## BRASS

\*ANTHONY MARCHIONE

RICHARD CASTIGLIONI

ROGER DE LILLO

FERDINAND DEL NEGRO

WARD FEARN

ROBERT S. HARPER

GEORGE HOSFELD

PHILLIP MUSUMECI

## PERCUSSION

\*MICHAEL BOOKSPAN

NICHOLAS D'AMICO

## HARP

\*EDNA PHILLIPS

MARY ANN CASTALDO





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\*GARY GRAFFMAN  
\*CLEMENT PETRILLO  
\*DWIGHT PELTZER  
ALLISON DRAKE  
KENNETH AMADA  
JOSEPH ARCARO  
DORIS BAWDEN  
HENRY COOK



#### ORGAN

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EARL NESS

#### HARPSICHORD

\*TEMPLE PAINTER

#### VOICE

\*MAUREEN FORRESTER  
CAROLYN DENGLER  
MARION HARVEY

#### CONDUCTING

\*MAURICE KAPLOW

LILBURN DUNLAP  
PAULA GANSER  
MARGARET GARWOOD  
ANITA GREENLEE  
NATALIE HINDERAS  
FLORENZA LEVENGOD  
GENIA ROBINOR  
SUSAN STARR

HERBERT SIEGEL



FLORENCE MANNING  
ADELLE NEWFIELD  
HAROLD PARKER



## THEORY AND COMPOSITION

\*JOSEPH CASTALDO      JOHN MILLER  
\*DONALD CHITTUM      CLEMENT PETRILLO  
ARTHUR CUSTER      ANDREW RUDIN  
LILBURN DUNLAP      MICHAEL WHITE  
PETER LEWIS

## MUSIC EDUCATION

\*CHARLES GREY      FLORENZA LEVENGOOD  
EDWARD ARIAN      CARLTON LAKE  
MARTHA BRONS      JOHN MILLER  
RICHARD CASTIGLIONE      HAROLD PARKER  
LILIJANE FRASCARELLI      DR. SZANTO



## LIBRARIANS

\*JOHN MOYER      LORETTA WILLIAMS  
BARBARA SILVERSTEIN

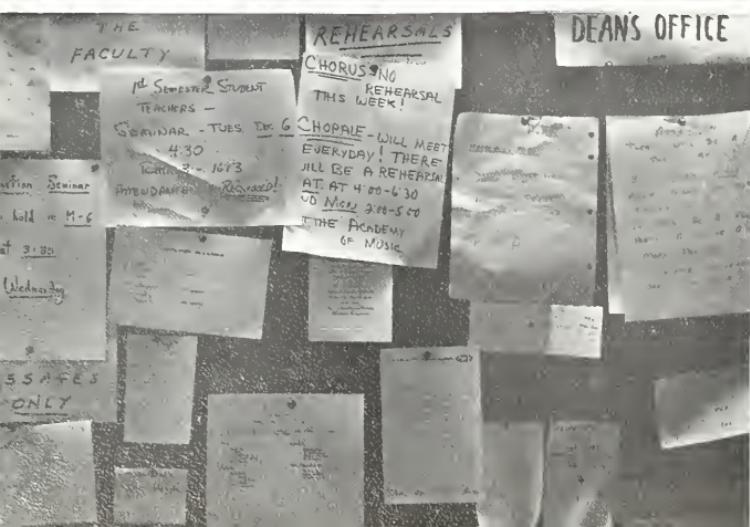
## ACADEMICS

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF ART STAFF



\* Department head















## THE ACADEMY ORCHESTRA

### VIOLIN:

DIANE BALE  
BONITA CARDELLA  
VERNON SUMMERS  
MARK MASARAK  
GELA HOPMAN  
FRANCINE HOPMAN  
ALAN BRUNDAGE

### VIOLA:

PETER NOCELLA  
MARVIN LEUCTER

### CELLO:

CAROL REDFIELD  
JOYCE IRONS  
GLORIA WILSON  
THERESA VILLANI

### BASS:

BETTY SORGE  
MIKE McCARTHY  
BILL MOORHOUSE

### FLUTE:

STEVE WILENSKY  
ELLEN RETTEW  
DIMITRI KAURIGA

### CLARINET:

NICK CASSIZZI  
KEN WEINER

### OBOE:

FRED TATOR

### BASSOON:

LINDA BAUMAN  
HENRIETTA MUSTOKOFF

### HORNS:

JEFFREY LANGFORD  
GEORGE VILSMEIER  
THERESA JACOBY

### TRUMPET:

DANIEL FORLANO  
MAX MOSKOWITZ  
DOMINIC MATARESE  
WILLIAM ALBANO

### TROMBONE:

EDWARD CASCARELLA

### PERCUSSION:

JOHN ZYCHOWSKI  
ANTHONY ORLANDO  
TED ZIMMERMAN  
STANLEY GINSBURG

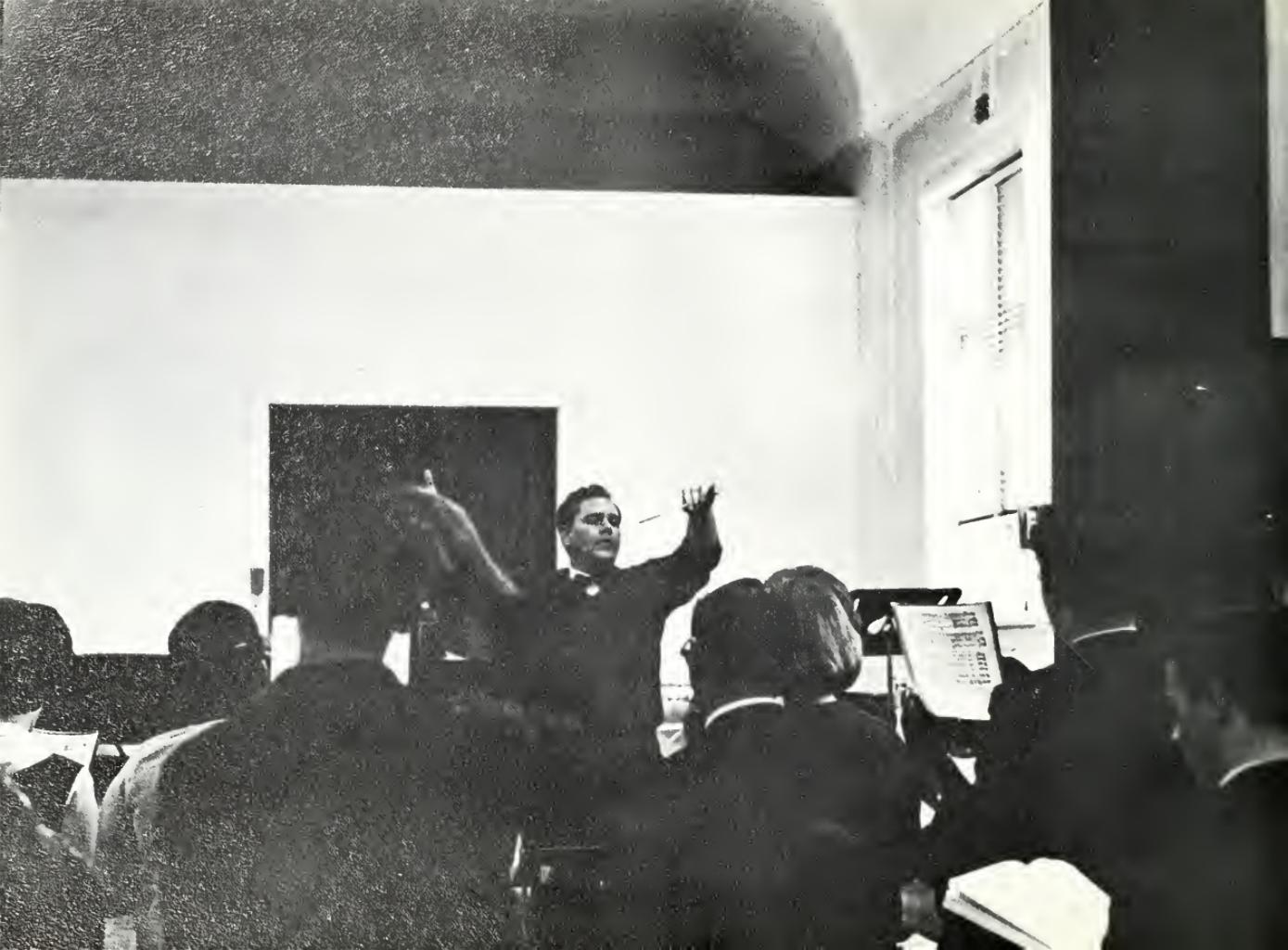
MAURICE KAPLOW  
*Director*













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\*ANTHONY J. AVICOLLI KAREN J. MECKES  
\*THERESA BADAL MAUREEN McGINNIS  
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GREGG E. BUTLER  
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\*OSCEOLA A. DAVIS  
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WILLIAM W. DOYLE  
ELLEN P. DUNMORE  
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RICHARD J. GIGLIOTTI  
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\*MACK C. GRANDERSON  
PAMELA INGERSOLL  
\*WILLIAM L. JOHNSON  
\*DOROTHY L. JONES  
\*DIMITRI KAURIGA  
\*TIM KENNEDY  
ALFRED M. LATELLA  
\*RUSSELL F. LEIB  
\* Chorale  
JOHN MILLER  
*Director*  
ROBERT DELLOREFICE  
*Accompanist*  
HENRY COOK  
*Assistant*

FEATURED WITH THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

NORMA WEINTRAUB

FLORENCE QUIVAR





MIKE PEDICIN

QUINTET

VILLANOVA

JAZZ FESTIVAL

WINNERS



## THE PROFESSIONAL DEMISE OF MR. STILT

A SHORT STORY BY MANFORD ABRAHAMSON

"I've got it!"

"Got what, Sir?"

"The solution to the problem of the missing books, of course."

"Oh—well, bravo, Sir." The assistant librarian tried in vain for an exclamation point. He was far from inspired today. The head librarian had already tried five different "solutions" to the problem, and none of them had been worth all the bother. When the books had first begun to disappear, Mr. Stilt had issued a proclamation stating that anyone found attempting to run off with any of the library's books would be suspended. Promptly. Mr. Stilt had been convinced that the library thief would either be caught within the following few days or make no further illegal book withdrawals. For two weeks there had been no thefts. Finally, Mr. Stilt, in a moment of triumph, had taken down the proclamation. The following day, fifteen books were stolen.

Three months and four solutions later, the problem of the missing books was still with them. By now,

Mr. Stilt had attained a pinnacle of unpopularity reached by very few. His latest suggestion had been to fingerprint the entire student body. Objections from the students and the faculty were so many and so violent, however, that he had been forced to abandon Plan Five. Today the assistant librarian was tired of Mr. Stilt's plans and of Mr. Stilt in general.

Not so Mr. Stilt. He positively loved himself at this moment. He assumed all the airs of a man suddenly called to greatness. "It is without a doubt the most ingenious of all the plans. What's more, it'll work. Samuel, come here. I must discuss this with you privately."

The assistant librarian, tired as he was, rose to hear this new solution, but Mr. Stilt, in his anxiety to proclaim the word, had dropped his temporary airs and had run over to Samuel's desk in the corner of the long, narrow room.

"Sit down, Samuel, sit down. There's hardly any time. We might be intruded upon any minute and must therefore make the most of these few precious moments. Alone."

"Of course, Sir." Samuel was slightly worried about Mr. Stilt. After all, he had been under a great strain. As head librarian, responsibility for the thefts had fallen directly on his aging shoulders. Five failures were a heavy strain even for someone as strong-willed as Mr. Stilt. Pledging his "all" to Mr. Stilt's newest plan, Samuel silently prayed that it would not be like the preceding abortive attempts to cure the library of its illness.

"Pay close attention, Samuel. I was sitting at my desk contemplating our plight, when it came to me. This brilliant idea. I know it will work."

"Well, Sir, what is your plan? I'm all ears, Sir, if you'll pardon the expression. Ah-ah."

But Mr. Stilt was too busy with his plan to take note of Samuel's chuckle for the day.

"Samuel, it occurred to me suddenly that the sole reason for the failure of my previous plans was the fact that I have tried to be too fair to the bounder who is stealing the books." In his more pompous moments, Mr. Stilt fell into the roll of the English squire. "I have always believed in fair play. 'Never take advantage of the underdog.' That has always been my philosophy. And, Samuel, it was nearly the death of me to have to realize this, but I must either deny my own credo or jeopardize a career which has spanned nearly forty years. God forgive me, but I'm going to fly in the face of my

own philosophy just this once."

It never failed to amaze Samuel, this heavy drama pervading all of Mr. Stilt's decisions, big or small. Samuel only hoped that if and when he finally did replace Mr. Stilt as head librarian, he too could imbue each situation with such emotional fervor.

"Samuel, in my previous attempts to catch the scoundrel, I have always informed him ahead of time of my plans, almost to the letter. As a result, he remains free. In assessing my position, it occurred to me that the only way I could ever catch him would be by not alerting him of my intention to do so. Therefore, I have decided to hold a surprise spot check."

"When, Sir?"

"Right now. Today. Immediately! Together we will watch for him. But we must be sly, as sly as he is. We must pretend to be busy at our desks. He's a brazen thief. He has stolen books right out from under our noses. He will probably not hesitate to do so again. Especially since we will look so preoccupied at our desks."

"Have you considered, Sir, that he might not be back for some time, and for us to be so involved in catching him might be a serious waste of time?"

"Yes, I have, Samuel, but I have also dedicated my soul to his capture. Vengeance! I claim vengeance!"

"A really fine sense of theatre," thought the assistant librarian. His thoughts were halted by a tug at his shoulder from Mr. Stilt who whispered into his ear.

"Here comes someone now. Assume a pose of concentration, Samuel." The door opened slowly. It was a girl.

Mercy Cunningham had had an extremely hard day. She had faced attack several times today. She was an extremely well-developed young girl—a beguiling combination of virginal beauty and near-idiocy.

Mercy had just come from the school guidance counselor. Previous to that, she had been in the school infirmary where she was taken when she was found being molested by one of the instructors in the faculty men's room where she had gone to return a library book for one of her teachers. When asked why she had mistaken the men's room for the school library, she had been unable to answer. Her actions seemed as unfathomable to her as to others. She had no explanation for anything she did. Nor could anyone else find an answer to the question which frequently popped up: How did she ever make it through junior high school? Mercy Cunningham had just appeared one day. Doubtless one day she would just disappear. However, in this indeterminate interim, here she was in the library after an extremely hard day. In her school bag was the book which had been the cause of the latest attack. She was going to return it at last.

"Keep your eyes on her, Samuel," whispered Mr. Stilt.

"But Sir, it's a girl. We're not looking for a girl, are we?"

"Nonsense. No one is excluded from my investigation. Besides, there is something very peculiar about that young lady. I can see it. Look, Samuel. Notice the strange shifting of the eyes."

Word had it that Mercy was ever so slightly myopic. For this reason she thought that she was all alone in the room. She was hunting desperately for the shelf where the book belonged. It never occurred to her merely to place the book on the librarian's desk. She was going to put it away all by herself, if only she could find the right section.

Mr. Stilt was in a positive frenzy of excitement. "Vengeance is finally mine," was his only thought. She was a very peculiar girl. Obviously she must be the thief.

Samuel was unfortunately not half as excited as Mr. Stilt. Samuel had seen Mercy before, but he could not remember where. He remembered having heard a rather strange story about her once, but for the life of him, he couldn't remember what it was now. Doubtful about the whole situation, he decided he would simply concentrate on striking a pose of busy concentration and leave the great capture up to Mr. Stilt.

Mercy, meanwhile was fingering all the books. She was looking for the section of books dealing with sexual behavior, whatever that was. Mercy was a near idiot. Nevertheless, she suddenly found what she was looking for. She bent down to open the schoolbag and remove the book.

At the same time, Mr. Stilt leaned over to whisper into Samuel's ear that they were on the verge of capturing the scoundrel red-handed. When he looked up, he saw Mercy in a position midway between the bookshelf and the schoolbag on the floor. In this position, it might have appeared that she was inserting a book into her school bag rather than extracting it. At least, so it appeared to Mr. Stilt. He raced over to Mercy.

"Caught you in the act!!!" he said.

"AAAAAAAAAaaaaaaaahhhhh," replied Mercy.

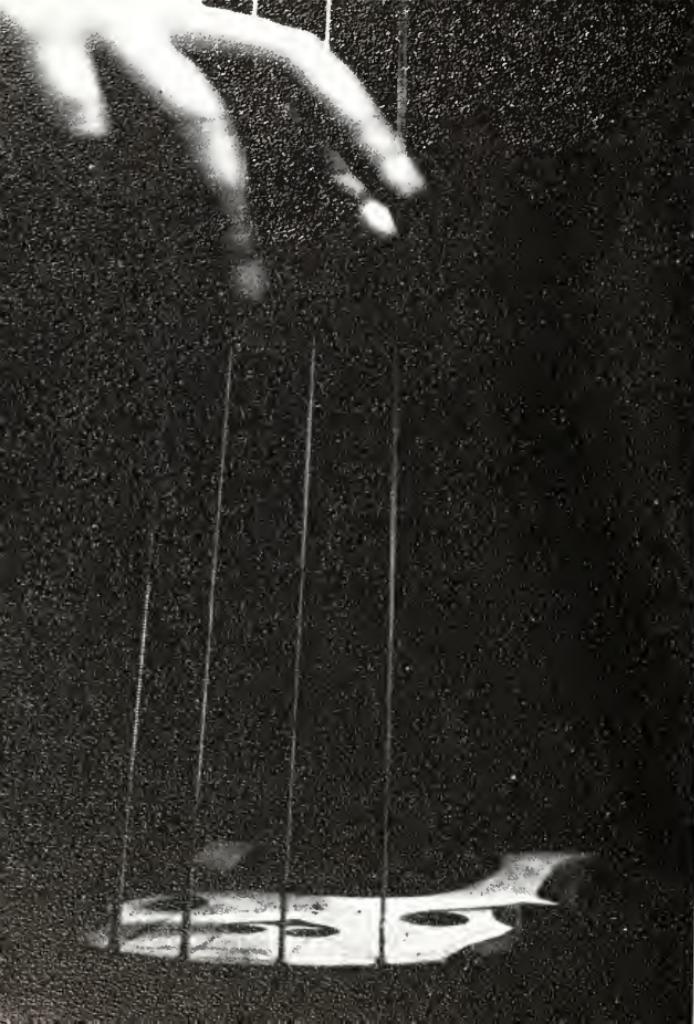
"Not you too, Mr. Stilt?" said the guidance counselor who entered the room at that moment, to find Mercy writhing on the floor with Mr. Stilt bent over her, grabbing at the book which she was attempting to use as a weapon.

Samuel, having mastered the sage and inscrutable art of silence, said nothing, and one week later, he was enjoying all the rights and privileges of his new title as Head Librarian.













TAYLOR B. BELL  
CLARINET



SONNY CASELLA  
PERCUSSION



GARY ANDERSON  
OBOE

MICHAEL FREEMAN  
VOICE





ELLEN DUNMORE  
VOICE



LOIS LACY  
VOICE



BARBARA VAUGHN  
VOICE



HELEN ESPOSITO  
PIANO



NICK CASSIZZI  
CLARINET

DIMITRI KAURIGA  
FLUTE





BOB LUDWIG  
PERCUSSION

CATHERINE DERACO  
VOICE



HENRY VARLACK  
THEORY



STEVE WILENSKY  
FLUTE



MANNY ABRAHAMSON, JR.  
COMPOSITION

FLORENCE QUIVAR  
VOICE





EVAN SOLOT  
COMPOSITION  
AND TRUMPET

ALSO GRADUATING

GARY CELAIN, DANCE  
HERBERT HEFFNER, PIANO  
GAIL LOOS, VOICE  
HENRY MAMET, PIANO  
SISTER M. THARSILLA, PIANO  
TED ZIMMERMAN, PERCUSSION  
MARTHA DOBKIN, PIANO



DA CAPO STAFF  
ELLEN RETTEW, EDITOR  
DUANE HITCHINGS

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DAVE FISHEL  
CAROL DORISS





IN MEMORY OF  
WILLIAM KINCAID  
MARCH 27, 1967









